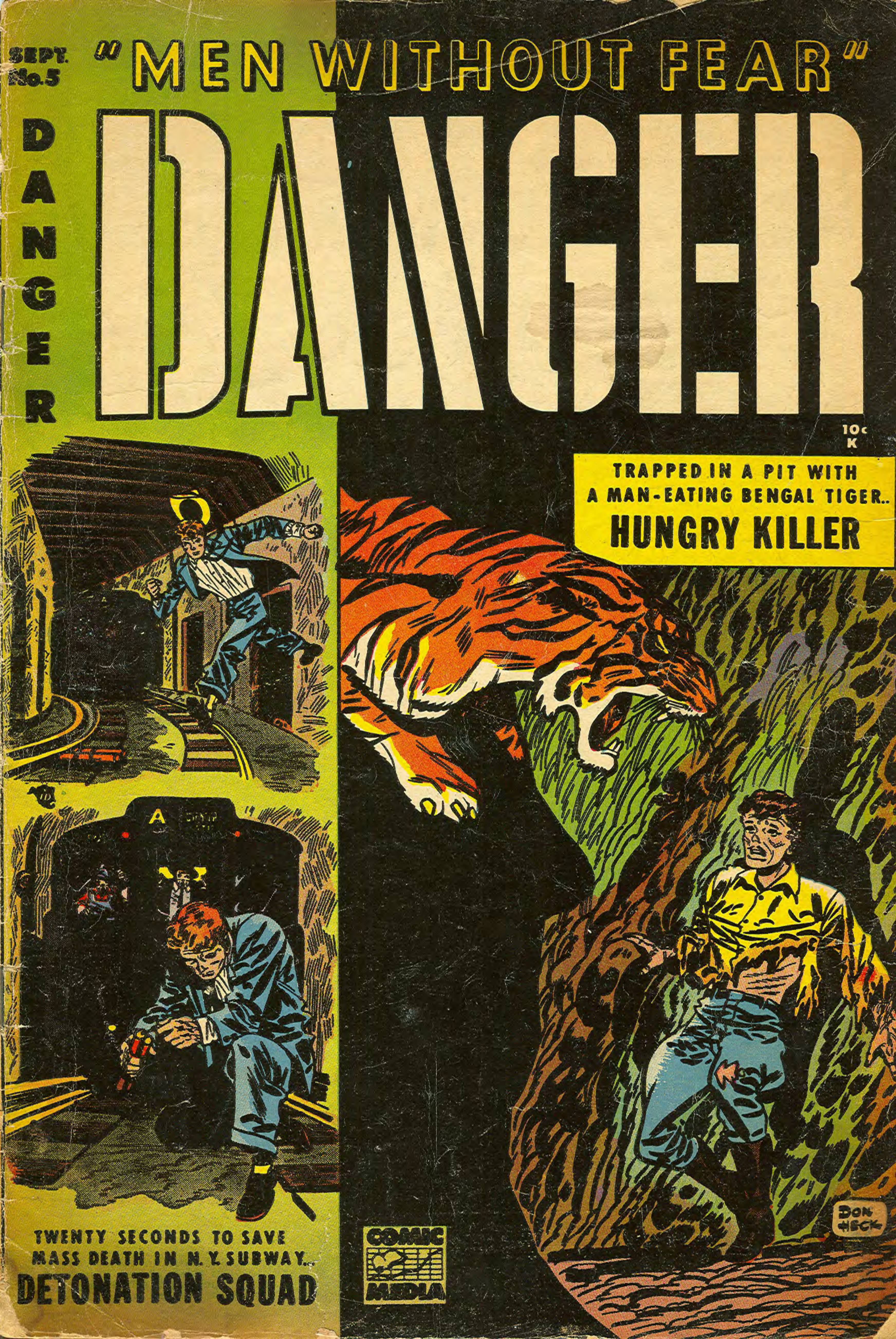

SEPT.
No.5
"MEN WITHOUT FEAR"
DANGER
DANGER
10¢
K
TRAPPED IN A PIT WITH
A MAN-EATING BENGAL TIGER..
HUNGRY KILLER
TWENTY SECONDS TO SAVE
MASS DEATH IN N.Y. SUBWAY..
DETONATION SQUAD
COMIC
MEDIA
DON
HECK

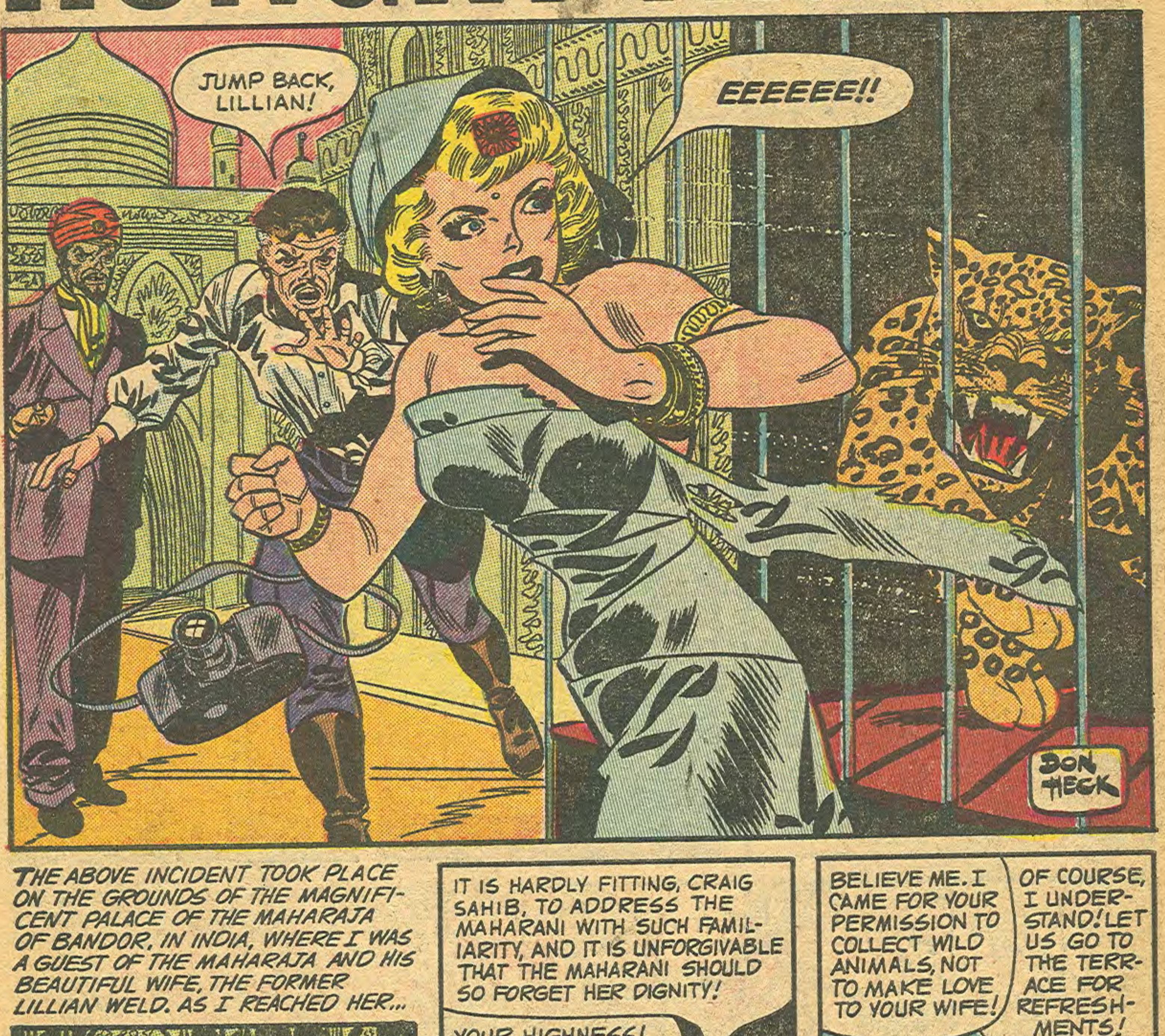

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FOR YEARS JIM CRAIG, COLLECTOR OF LIVE WILD ANIMALS, HAD LIVED WITH DANGER, BUT NEVER BEFORE HAD HE FACED, AT THE SAME TIME, HUMAN TREACHERY AND SIX HUNDRED POUNDS OF...

HUNGRY KILLER





SPEAKING IN HIS NATIVE TONGUE, THE MAHARAJA DISMISSED HIS WIFE CURTLY, THEN TOOK MY ARM AND LED ME TO THE TERRACE...
THE ANIMAL HAS CAUSED ME TOO MUCH ANNOYANCE. I SHALL HAVE HIM DESTROYED.
THAT BEAUTIFUL BEAST! THE MAHARANI WAS ONLY TRYING TO TAKE HIS PHOTOGRAPH.... YOUR HIGHNESS, WOULD YOU CONSIDER SELLING THE LEOPARD TO ME?
I WILL DO BETTER THAN THAT, CRAIG SAHIB! IF YOU CAN CAPTURE A MAN-EATER ALIVE I'LL GIVE YOU THE LEOPARD AND THE MAN EATER!
I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT! IT'S A DEAL!
I LITTLE REALIZED THE IMPLICATIONS OF MY BARGAIN, OR THAT I HAD TAKEN PART IN THE FIRST ACT OF A DEADLY DRAMA. BUT THAT NIGHT THE CURTAIN ROSE ON THE SECOND ACT, AS DEATH STALKED A JUNGLE TRAIL...
SUDDENLY AN INVISIBLE FOE STRUCK WITH FANGS OF STEEL! THE GREAT BEAST SCREAMED IN RAGE AND TERROR!
THE STRICKEN BEAST COULD NOT KNOW OF THE BOUNTY THE MAHARAJA HAD PLACED ON ALL TIGERS, OR THE CRUEL MEANS SOME WOULD TAKE TO SATISFY THEIR GREED! HE KNEW ONLY THAT HE MUST ESCAPE!
ALONE IN HIS LAIR THE STRICKEN TIGER LICKED HIS WOUNDS UNTIL HUNGER GNAWED FIERCELY. THEN HE WENT FORTH IN A HOPELESS SEARCH FOR FOOD. BUT WHAT MATCH WAS HE NOW FOR THE FLEET-FOOTED ANTELOPE?
WHEN THE PANGS OF HUNGER BECAME UNBEARABLE, THE BEAST FORGOT EVERYTHING, EVEN HIS INSTINCTIVE FEAR OF THE "MAN SCENT." FOR SOMEHOW HE KNEW THAT MAN WAS NOT SWIFT OR STRONG, THAT MAN WAS FOOD THAT HE COULD CATCH!


AND THUS A MAN-EATER WAS BORN! ONCE HE HAD TASTED BLOOD, NO OTHER FOOD WOULD SATISFY THIS GIANT OF THE JUNGLE!
I WAS IN THE BONDOR HOTEL WHEN WORD OF THE KILL ARRIVED FROM THE MAHARAJA. WITH A TRUCKLOAD OF EQUIPMENT AND SHUM, MY HINDU BOY, I HURRIED TO THE SCENE...
YOU MUST BE QUICK ABOUT THIS CAPTURE, SAHIB, THESE NATIVES ARE TOO FRIGHTENED TO WORK.
VERY WELL, YOUR HIGHNESS !!
IT WAS NECESSARY TO ORDER THE BODY OF THE POOR COOLIE LEFT LYING IN THE FIELD. THEN I DIRECTED THE DIGGING OF A DEEP PIT IN THE JUNGLE TRAIL, WHERE THE TIGER STALKED...
SHUM REALLY GOT THOSE BOYS HOPPING. A SHORT TIME LATER THE PIT WAS ALMOST FINISHED...
GOOD. COVER THE HOLE WELL WITH THOSE PALM LEAVES. MR. MAN EATER IS GOING TO GET QUITE A SURPRISE WHEN HE RETURNS FOR HIS NEXT MEAL!



WE BEGAN OUR VIGIL OF WAITING IN A PLANTATION HOUSE A MILE FROM THE TRAP. FOR TWO NIGHTS NOTHING HAPPENED. THEN ON THE THIRD NIGHT THE TIGER RETURNED ALONG THE SAME JUNGLE TRAIL FOR ANOTHER FEAST...
EVEN AT THE CABIN I HEARD THE SNARLING RAGE OF THE TRAPPED BEAST. I SENT OUT THE MEN AT ONCE, AND HAD THEM COVER THE PIT OPENING WITH LOGS THAT HAD BEEN CUT AND PLACED NEARBY FOR THAT VERY PURPOSE...
I SENT A MESSENGER AT ONCE TO THE PALACE TO ADVISE THE MAHARAJA. THEN RETURNED TO THE PLANTATION CABIN. AT THE CRACK OF DAWN I LED MY PARTY TO THE PIT, AS...
HEY, GET AWAY FROM THERE!
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? LET YOUR WIFE GET HERSELF KILLED?
I HAD NEVER SEEN SUCH HATE IN A MAN'S FACE AS WAS EXPRESSED FOR AN INSTANT IN THE MAHARAJA'S I TRIED TO EASE THE SITUATION...
I'M SORRY, HIGHNESS. I WAS IMPULSIVE AGAIN. BUT... YOU SEE... THE DANGER.
I HAVE HAD MEN KILLED FOR LESS, CRAIG SAHIB! YET I REALIZE THE MAHARANI'S PASSION... FOR... PHOTOGRAPHY... IS OUT OF PLACE. ...PROCEED!


I TURNED AWAY AND CALLED SHUM, ORDERING HIM TO BRING THE ROPE. THEN WITH THE BOY ORDERING THE COOLIES, I STARTED THE TICKLISH JOB OF ROPING MY PREY...
GET MORE ROPE READY, SHUM! I'M GOING TO GET HIM THIS TIME!
I TOOK AN HOUR OF BACKBREAKING, RELENTLESS TUGGING AND ROPING BEFORE THE TIGER WAS SECURED SUFFICIENTLY TO HOIST HIM TOWARD THE SURFACE. BUT AT LAST...
HEAVE! TELL 'EM TO HEAVE, SHUM! AND FOR GOD'S SAKE TELL 'EM TO HOLD THOSE LINES!
OKAY! HOLD HIM THERE! SHUM, GET THE BOYS TO BRING THE CRATE HERE FOR LOWERING!
TO HEAR IS TO OBEY, SAHIB!
GRADUALLY WE LOWERED THE CRATE, BUT OUR PRISONER HAD BECOME A MANIAC!



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO TACKLE THIS BABY! THAT'S TO GET DOWN THERE WITH HIM!
LOWER AWAY! AND FOR PETE'S SAKE, KEEP HOLD OF THOSE ROPES!
THINGS WERE GOING WONDERFULLY... COMPARATIVELY... WHEN SUDDENLY...
AIY-Y-Y-Y-! HOLD THOSE ROPES! AAA... HE'S BREAKING LOOSE!
SLASH
I KNEW DEATH WAS ONLY SECONDS AWAY! I WAS CLAWED AND ALMOST TORN APART... AND THE GREAT JAWS WAVERED BEFORE ME AS THE HUGE TIGER BRACED HIS HIND LEGS TO SPRING!


THERE IS A DESPERATION THAT COMES OF HOPELESSNESS, THAT CAUSES THE HANDS TO DO WHAT COMMON SENSE WOULD CALL FOOLISHNESS. I STRUCK OUT, SOCKING THE BEAST HARD ON THE SNOUT!
THERE WAS JUST A FRACTION OF A SECOND WHEN THE TIGER WAS OFF BALANCE. IT WAS ALL I NEEDED. I SLAMMED DOWN THE LID OF THE CRATE... HARD, TRYING TO STUN THE ANIMAL FOR AN INSTANT...
I SENT HOME THE HASP ON THE CAGE AND SANK DOWN, WEAK AND HELPLESS...
SHUM! SHUM! FOR GOD'S SAKE, GET THIS BEAST OUT OF HERE!
COMING SAHIB!
WHO SLASHED THOSE ROPES THAT HELD THE TIGER? @@#**!! TELL ME!
SAHIB! ..... WE CANNOT!
I WAS WEAK AND GETTING WEAKER, BUT SOMETHING... AN ANGRY FURY, MOST LIKELY-- BUOYED ME UP, AS I SAW...
IT WAS I, CRAIG SAHIB! BUT YOU HAVE COME THROUGH ALIVE! YOU HAVE EARNED THE LEOPARD AND THE TIGER! MY HAND IS ON IT!
YOU! YOU DID THAT?
I LOOKED AWAY AND SAW THE MAHARANI. THEN I KNEW. IT WAS THE MAHARAJAH'S FEIRCE JEALOUSY THAT HAD CAUSED THE CUTTING OF THE ROPES, AND BY THE SAME TOKEN HIS ELEMENTAL RESPECT FOR BRUTE COURAGE THAT HAD CAUSED HIS EXPRESSION OF ADMIRATION...
HELP ME TO THE TRUCK, SHUM. SEE TO THE CRATING OF THE LEOPARD AND THE TIGER.
TO HEAR IS TO OBEY, SAHIB.
THE TWO ANIMALS LANDED EVENTUALLY IN A LARGE MID-WESTERN ZOO IN THE UNITED STATES. BUT FOR THREE MONTHS I LAY AT DEATH'S DOOR. IT WAS MORE THAN A YEAR BEFORE I COULD RESUME MY ACTIVITIES AGAIN.
WHEN I WAS ONCE MORE ABLE TO GET AROUND, I LEARNED THAT THE MAHARANI HAD FLED THE COUNTRY AND ONCE MORE WAS AN AMERICAN... ONCE MORE LILLIAN WELD, AND THANKFUL FOR IT.
THE END.

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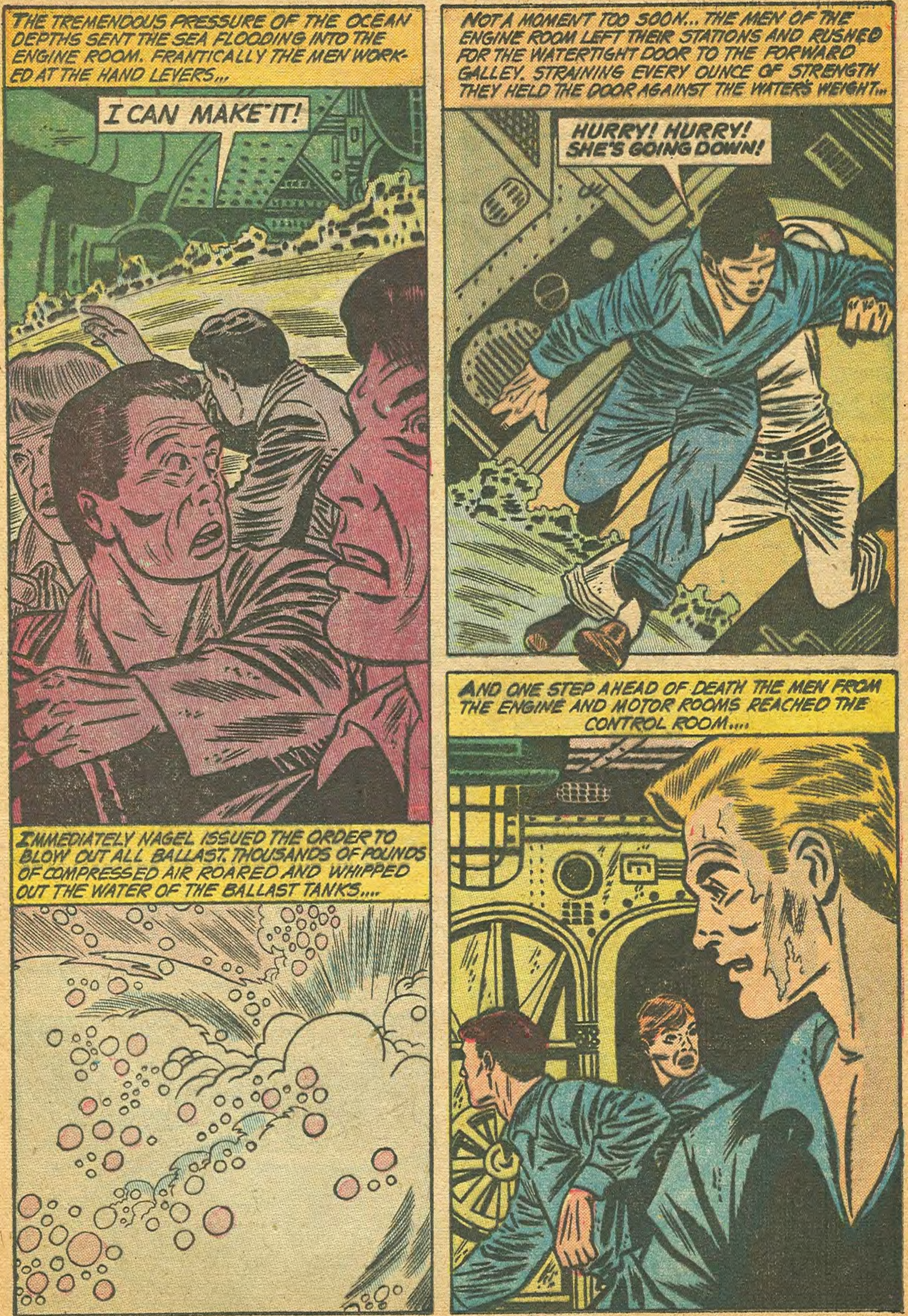
If you do have any of these *Problems,* or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful *NEWS — NEWS* of a remarkable *NEW WAY of PRAYER* that is helping thousands of other men and women to glorious *NEW* happiness and joy! Whether you have always believed in *PRAYER* or not, this remarkable *NEW WAY* may bring a whole *NEW* world of happiness and joy to you—and very, very quickly too!

So don't wait, dear friend. Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy *IN ANY WAY* — we invite you to clip this *Message* now and mail with 6c in stamps so we can rush *FULL INFORMATION* to you by *AIR MAIL* about this remarkable *NEW WAY of PRAYER* that is helping so many others and may just as certainly and quickly help *YOU!*

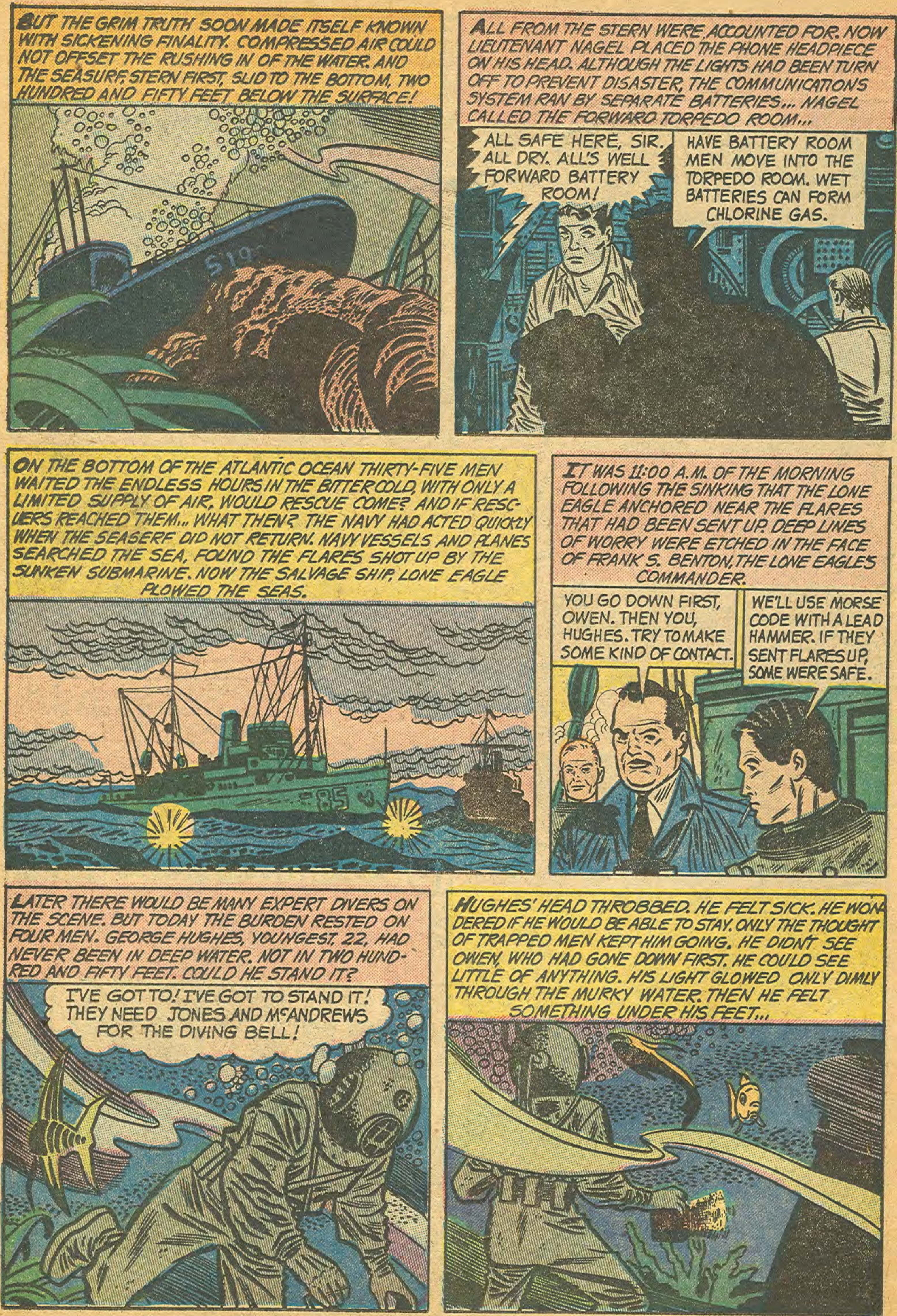
You will surely bless this day—so please don't delay! Just clip this *Message* now and mail with your name, address and 6c in stamps to *LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP, Box 7908, Noroton, Conn.* We will rush this wonderful *NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH* to you by *AIR MAIL.*


IN A MATTER OF MINUTES THE SEASURF BECAME A STEEL COFFIN FORTY FATHOMS DOWN. THIRTY FIVE TRAPPED MEN HAD BUT A SINGLE HOPE: THEIR LIVES DEPENDED ON THE NAVY DIVERS. IN THEIR HANDS WAS LIFE OR COLD...
DEEP DEATH
by PETE MORISI
IT WAS TO BE HER LAST TRIAL DIVE WITH A SKELETON CREW. THUS, THE NEWLY BUILT SEASERF HAD ABOARD ONLY THIRTY FIVE OF HER FULL COMPLEMENT OF FIFTY-SIX MEN. HER DIESELS THROBBED RHYTHMICALLY AND DREW GREAT BREATHS THROUGH THE HUGE AIR INDUCTION FUNNEL JUST ABAFT THE BRIDGE.
ON THE BRIDGE THE SEASERF'S COMMANDING OFFICER, LIEUTENANT PAUL NAGEL, STOOD ENTHRALLED BY THE RHYTHMIC POWER OF THE VESSEL. THEN HE TURNED TO ENSIGN JOHN BENTON WHO WAS BESIDE HIM.
RIG FOR DIVING, BENTON.
LIEUTENANT NAGEL WENT BELOW. ONE BY ONE HIS ORDERS WERE CARRIED OUT. NOW ALL LIGHTS ON THE CONTROL BOARD ...THE "CHRISTMAS TREE"... WERE GREEN... ALL VENTS AND VALVES WERE CLOSED.


EVERYTHING WAS READY. THE DIESELS WERE SHUT OFF AND THE VESSEL NOW SWITCHED TO HER ELECTRIC MOTORS, FED BY GREAT STORAGE BATTERIES. THE SEASURF HAD BEGUN HER DIVE.
AT FIFTY FEET NAGEL LOOKED UP FROM HIS STOP WATCH AND GRINNED AT LIEUTENANT HARVEY KANE, SECOND IN COMMAND...
A NICE DIVE, HARVEY. PREPARE TO LEVEL OFF.
YES, SIR.
THE CREW SETTLED DOWN TO IT'S ROUTINE. UNDER THE ENGINE ROOM WERE THE ELECTRIC MOTORS AND THE BATTERY PITS. ELECTRICIANS STARTED CHECKING THE BATTERIES IN THE STERN...
AS THE SUBMARINE LEVELED OFF LIEUTENANT NAGEL TOOK HIS PLACE AT THE PERISCOPE. HE WAS A CONTENTED MAN THAT DAY. HE COMMANDED THE NATION'S NEWEST SUBMARINE, AND WHEN THE TESTS WERE OVER HE WOULD MARRY NAN HOLIDAY. QUITE AN ACCOMPLISHMENT FOR A MAN NOT YET THIRTY.
WHAT WAS THAT?
I DON'T KNOW, SIR!
WHAM!
TAKE 'ER UP, SIR! THE INDUCTION VALVES ARE OPEN! THE ENGINE ROOM IS FLOODING FAST!!
GOOD HEAVENS!

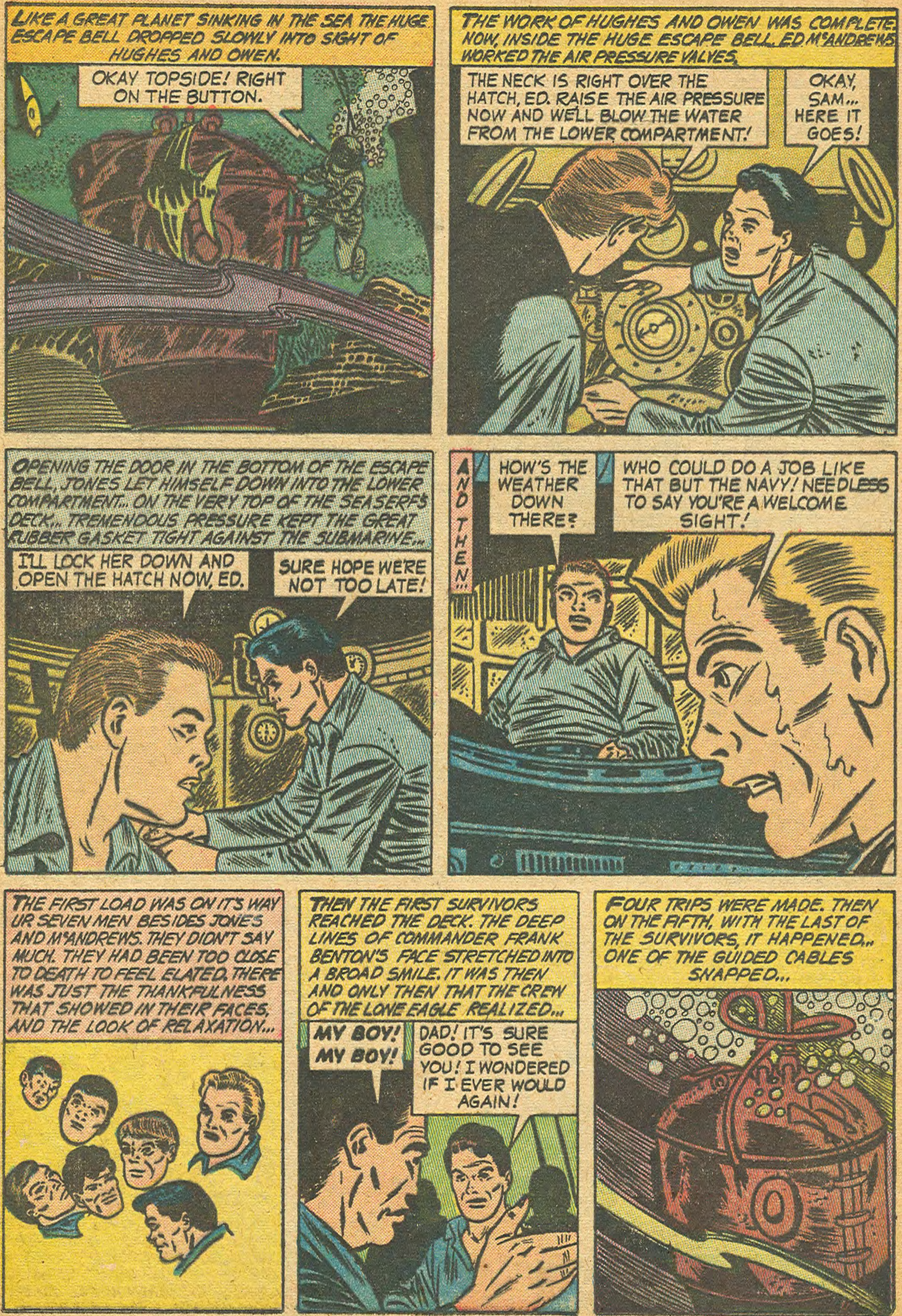


THE TREMENDOUS PRESSURE OF THE OCEAN DEPTHS SENT THE SEA FLOODING INTO THE ENGINE ROOM. FRANTICALLY THE MEN WORKED AT THE HAND LEVERS...
I CAN MAKE IT!
NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON... THE MEN OF THE ENGINE ROOM LEFT THEIR STATIONS AND RUSHED FOR THE WATERTIGHT DOOR TO THE FORWARD GALLEY. STRAINING EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH THEY HELD THE DOOR AGAINST THE WATER'S WEIGHT...
HURRY! HURRY! SHE'S GOING DOWN!
IMMEDIATELY NAGEL ISSUED THE ORDER TO BLOW OUT ALL BALLAST. THOUSANDS OF POUNDS OF COMPRESSED AIR ROARED AND WHIPPED OUT THE WATER OF THE BALLAST TANKS....
AND ONE STEP AHEAD OF DEATH THE MEN FROM THE ENGINE AND MOTOR ROOMS REACHED THE CONTROL ROOM....



BUT THE GRIM TRUTH SOON MADE ITSELF KNOWN WITH SICKENING FINALITY. COMPRESSED AIR COULD NOT OFFSET THE RUSHING IN OF THE WATER. AND THE SEASURF, STERN FIRST, SLID TO THE BOTTOM, TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET BELOW THE SURFACE!
ALL FROM THE STERN WERE ACCOUNTED FOR. NOW LIEUTENANT NAGEL PLACED THE PHONE HEADPIECE ON HIS HEAD. ALTHOUGH THE LIGHTS HAD BEEN TURN OFF TO PREVENT DISASTER, THE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM RAN BY SEPARATE BATTERIES... NAGEL CALLED THE FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM...
ALL SAFE HERE, SIR. ALL DRY. ALL'S WELL FORWARD BATTERY ROOM!
HAVE BATTERY ROOM MEN MOVE INTO THE TORPEDO ROOM. WET BATTERIES CAN FORM CHLORINE GAS.
ON THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN THIRTY-FIVE MEN WAITED THE ENDLESS HOURS IN THE BITTER COLD, WITH ONLY A LIMITED SUPPLY OF AIR. WOULD RESCUE COME? AND IF RESCUERS REACHED THEM... WHAT THEN? THE NAVY HAD ACTED QUICKLY WHEN THE SEASERF DID NOT RETURN. NAVY VESSELS AND PLANES SEARCHED THE SEA, FOUND THE FLARES SHOT UP BY THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE. NOW THE SALVAGE SHIP, LONE EAGLE PLOWED THE SEAS.
IT WAS 11:00 A.M. OF THE MORNING FOLLOWING THE SINKING THAT THE LONE EAGLE ANCHORED NEAR THE FLARES THAT HAD BEEN SENT UP. DEEP LINES OF WORRY WERE ETCHED IN THE FACE OF FRANK S. BENTON, THE LONE EAGLE'S COMMANDER.
YOU GO DOWN FIRST, OWEN. THEN YOU, HUGHES. TRY TO MAKE SOME KIND OF CONTACT.
WE'LL USE MORSE CODE WITH A LEAD HAMMER. IF THEY SENT FLARES UP, SOME WERE SAFE.
LATER THERE WOULD BE MANY EXPERT DIVERS ON THE SCENE. BUT TODAY THE BURDEN RESTED ON FOUR MEN. GEORGE HUGHES, YOUNGEST, 22, HAD NEVER BEEN IN DEEP WATER. NOT IN TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET. COULD HE STAND IT?
I'VE GOT TO! I'VE GOT TO STAND IT! THEY NEED JONES AND McANDREWS FOR THE DIVING BELL!
HUGHES' HEAD THROBBED. HE FELT SICK. HE WONDERED IF HE WOULD BE ABLE TO STAY. ONLY THE THOUGHT OF TRAPPED MEN KEPT HIM GOING. HE DIDN'T SEE OWEN, WHO HAD GONE DOWN FIRST. HE COULD SEE LITTLE OF ANYTHING. HIS LIGHT GLOWED ONLY DIMLY THROUGH THE MURKY WATER. THEN HE FELT SOMETHING UNDER HIS FEET...


HUGHES PHONED TO THE SURFACE. HE WAS ON THE DECK OF THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE. HE COULD NOT SEE OWENS, BUT HE COULD FEEL THE VIBRATIONS OF HIS HAMMER TAPPING ON THE DECK, INSTINCTIVELY HE COULD SEE THE MASS OF THE CONNING TOWER. HE WORKED HIS WAY ALONG, TAPPING MORSE CODE. ONE STRIKE FOR A DOT, TWO FOR A DASH...
THROUGH MORE THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF ANXIOUS WAITING THE ME IN THE SEASERF COULD ONLY HOPE AND BELIEVE... WITH THE FAITH OF NAVY MEN IN THE NAVY... THEN SOUND CAME TO THEIR EARS... TAP... TAP... TAP-TAP... THEN...
THANK GOD!
ARE YOU OK? LONE EAGLE TOP SIDE
OWENS, ON THE BOTTOM, HAD RIGGED A SOUNDING BOUY TO THE SEASERF. NOW THE LONE EAGLE'S SIGNAL MAN HEARD THE TAP-TAP OF NAGEL'S REPLY
OK BUT COLD AND AIR FOUL.
GUIDING WIRES TO THE SUBMARINE WERE FASTENED DOWN BY HUGHES AND OWEN, THEN AT LAST...



LIKE A GREAT PLANET SINKING IN THE SEA THE HUGE ESCAPE BELL DROPPED SLOWLY INTO SIGHT OF HUGHES AND OWEN.
OKAY TOPSIDE! RIGHT ON THE BUTTON.
THE WORK OF HUGHES AND OWEN WAS COMPLETE NOW, INSIDE THE HUGE ESCAPE BELL, ED McANDREWS WORKED THE AIR PRESSURE VALVES.
THE NECK IS RIGHT OVER THE HATCH, ED. RAISE THE AIR PRESSURE NOW AND WE'LL BLOW THE WATER FROM THE LOWER COMPARTMENT!
OKAY, SAM... HERE IT GOES!
OPENING THE DOOR IN THE BOTTOM OF THE ESCAPE BELL, JONES LET HIMSELF DOWN INTO THE LOWER COMPARTMENT... ON THE VERY TOP OF THE SEASERF'S DECK... TREMENDOUS PRESSURE KEPT THE GREAT RUBBER GASKET TIGHT AGAINST THE SUBMARINE...
I'LL LOCK HER DOWN AND OPEN THE HATCH NOW, ED.
SURE HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
AND THEN...
HOW'S THE WEATHER DOWN THERE?
WHO COULD DO A JOB LIKE THAT BUT THE NAVY! NEEDLESS TO SAY YOU'RE A WELCOME SIGHT!
THE FIRST LOAD WAS ON IT'S WAY UP SEVEN MEN BESIDES JONES AND McANDREWS. THEY DIDN'T SAY MUCH. THEY HAD BEEN TOO CLOSE TO DEATH TO FEEL ELATED. THERE WAS JUST THE THANKFULNESS THAT SHOWED IN THEIR FACES, AND THE LOOK OF RELAXATION...
THEN THE FIRST SURVIVORS REACHED THE DECK. THE DEEP LINES OF COMMANDER FRANK BENTON'S FACE STRETCHED INTO A BROAD SMILE. IT WAS THEN AND ONLY THEN THAT THE CREW OF THE LONE EAGLE REALIZED...
MY BOY! MY BOY!
DAD! IT'S SURE GOOD TO SEE YOU! I WONDERED IF I EVER WOULD AGAIN!
FOUR TRIPS WERE MADE. THEN ON THE FIFTH, WITH THE LAST OF THE SURVIVORS, IT HAPPENED... ONE OF THE GUIDED CABLES SNAPPED...



OWEN WAS TO START SALVAGE WORK ON THE NEXT DAY. HE HAD GONE BELOW. ON DECK WAS ONLY THE YOUNGSTER GEORGE HUGHES...
YOU'LL HAVE TO GO DOWN AGAIN, GEORGE. TRY TO UNSNARL THAT GUIDE WIRE. WE CAN'T RAISE THE BELL!
DOWN AND DOWN... UNTIL HE REACHED THE GREAT BELL THAT HELD NINE LIVES. HUGHES STRUGGLED AGAINST THE PRESSURE, AND AGAINST THE PHYSICAL STRAIN... AND AGAINST THE TANGLED MESS OF CABLES...
SHE WON'T BUDGE, TOPSIDE. I CAN'T MOVE THE CABLE!!
THE MEN ABOVE WERE AT A POINT OF DECISION. DARED THEY CUT THE OTHER CABLE AND LET THE BELL SWING FREE? COULD THE SINGLE STRAND HOLD THE WEIGHT UNTIL THE MEN COULD ESCAPE? THERE WAS NO TIME TO PONDER. A KNIFE WAS LET DOWN TO HUGHES... A POWER WINCH TURNED...
THAT DID IT, TOPSIDE!
THEN...
MY SUITS TORN! MY SUITS TORN!
THERE WAS NO TIME TO ALLOW FOR RECOMPRESSION. IN A MOMENT HUGHES WOULD HAVE BEEN CRUSHED TO JELLY BY THE AWFUL PRESSURE BELOW. THEY HAULED HIM UP...
QUICK! GET HIM TO THE RECOMPRESSION CHAMBER!
HUGHES WAS HURRIED TO THE RECOMPRESSION CHAMBER ABOARD THE LONE EAGLE. ONLY PROMPT ACTION COULD SAVE HIM FROM DEATH... OR CRIPPLING PARALYSIS FROM THE DREADED 'BENDS.' FINALLY ...THE LAST OF THE MEN BOARDED THE RESCUE VESSEL...
THE WORK OF YOU AND YOUR MEN WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY, COMMANDER BENTON. NOT A MAN LOST!
AND NOW IF I COULD ASK ONE MORE FAVOR, I'D LIKE TO PUT THROUGH A CALL ON THE SHIP TO SHORE PHONE.
OF COURSE!
YOU SEE I'M TO BE MARRIED... AND I WANT TO TELL MY FIANCEE THAT THERE'LL BE NO CHANGE IN PLANS!
SALVAGE OF THE SEASERF WAS TO TAKE MONTHS OF GRUELLING WORK AND DANGER. BUT A FEW WEEKS LATER THE CREW OF BOTH THE LONE EAGLE AND THE SEASERF FOUND TIME TO ATTEND LIEUTENANT NAGLE'S WEDDING TO NAN HOLIDAY. AND ONE OF THE USHERS AT THE WEDDING WAS GEORGE HUGHES, THROUGH WHOSE COURAGE AT THE LAST MOMENT, THE WEDDING WAS MADE POSSIBLE.
THE END

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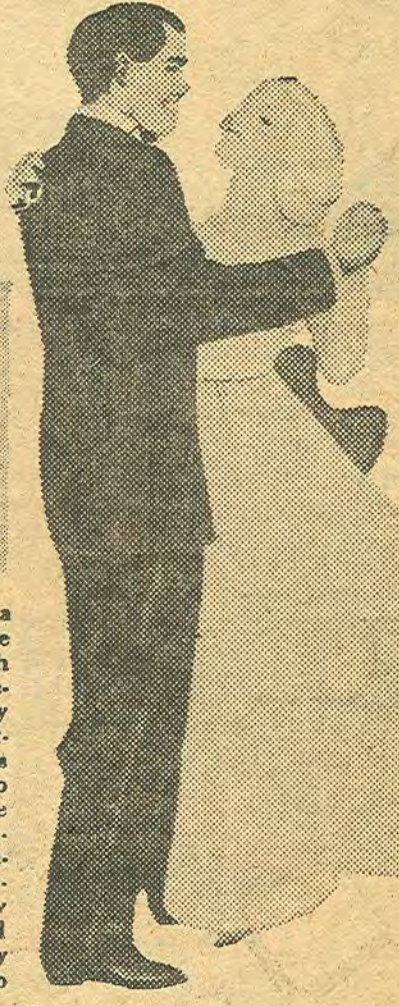
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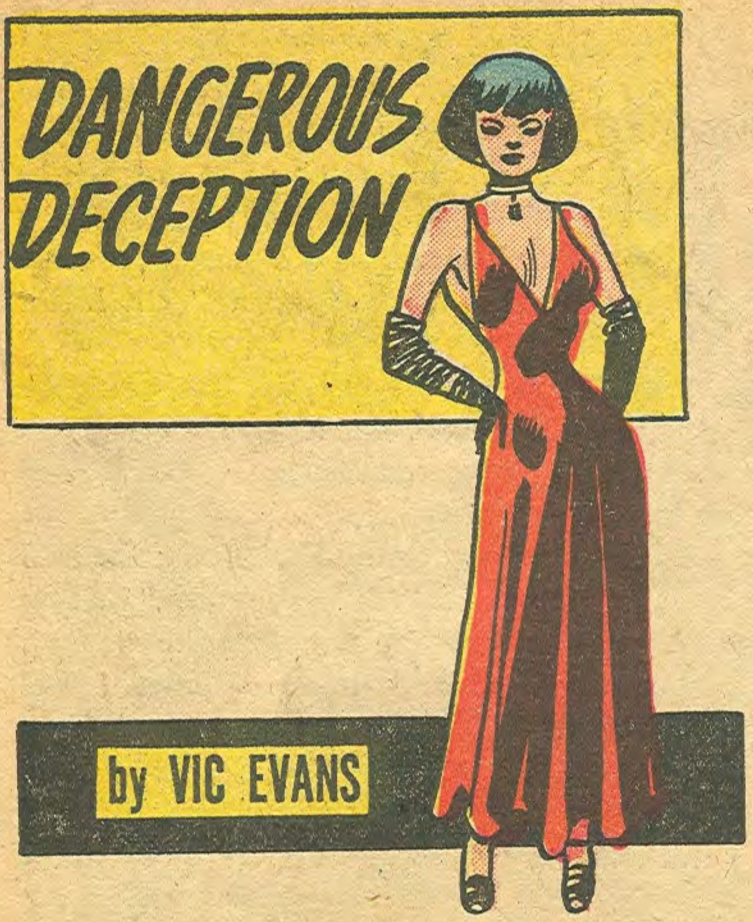
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DANGEROUS DECEPTION

by VIC EVANS



I hadn't meant to deceive William of course. He was the last person in the world I wanted to trick. After all, I'd soon be his wife. But that realization still didn't stop me from worrying about how to make ends meet. You see, I wasn't what you might call a rich girl—or even one who had her savings put away in some bank. I took care of Mother and my younger brother and everything I earned seemed to melt away like butter.

William, on the other hand, was very rich. That is, his family was. And all his friends and the places we went to personified the enormous wealth he had at his command. Then one would think I could easily have asked him for a loan, but I wasn't like that! My pride wouldn't let me. I would either marry him on my own resources —or I wouldn't marry him at all! There was my trousseau to be bought, my various clothes, a hundred and one detailed odds-and-ends to be acquired and arranged before I could walk down the aisle of a very fashionable chapel with William.

Then too, from the way William talked, I didn't dare shatter his ideals about me. To him, I was a girl *different* from the rest. I wasn't after his money, and I was completely independent of any financial problem. How could I say otherwise? I couldn't! And I didn't want to frankly, even though Mother and Tony, my brother, called me a fool for not explaining my peculiar situation to William.

William was my boss, and I was his secretary. I had gone to work for him a year ago and soon he had asked me out. Now we were all set to be married. William was what you might call—somewhat stiff. He was all manners and propriety—a man removed from the earthy soil of everyday life. He conducted his romance with me like a broker buying or selling stocks at the stock market. But he was young and very distinguished, had a good name — and he was wealthy. That's all that mattered I told myself. And it *was* enough! But now I had to find some spare-time work for the next three months until the wedding day—so that I could finance my own small arrangements without bothering William.

To make a long story short, I applied for the Shimmy Dancer's job at a Coney Island Girlie concession! Fantastic? Yes—but I was desperate, and the dancing job paid the best. The manager was a kind man who understood everything, and the nights that I danced in front of the hurdy-gurdy crowd weren't without their pleasant moments. Neither William, nor my family knew anything about it—obviously—and I was saving for my coming marriage.

Everything would have turned out as I planned if it weren't for Jim Baker. He was the young man who had the concession next to mine. He'd always be watching me, talking to me, walking me to my subway and so on. Then one night he kissed me in the park—and I knew I'd never marry William. But my dream of wealth and position were ended with Jim's kiss—and I resented it. We fought terribly. I told him off—and ran to the subway. I was determined that my marriage to William would come off, and that following night, I danced seductively to the strains of the "jungle music" for the last time, content with my thoughts, supposedly.

Then I saw William's shocked face watching me from the crowd. His high-society crowd was with him. He berated me, accused me, shouted at me and left me humiliated and ashamed. Then Jim broke in, grinning unpleasantly at William. Jim had brought William and his crowd to Coney Island in search of "forbidden" pleasures. He had wanted me to see William as he was. I was convinced. As Jim's lips found mine afterwards, I realized that the false lure of position couldn't compare to the bright promise of true romance. Though I was a shimmy dancer —and Jim, a concession man—as funny and amazing as this would sound to anyone else, we were wonderfully happy—one detail I had overlooked with William. A detail that had changed me into the kind of girl I should have been long ago—a girl in love!

THE END



THE DUD

by VIC EVANS



"If the surgeon learning fenestration technic has not erred repeatedly on the cadaver, he will tend to be too tense in the operating room, because he is anticipating those dangers which he has learned to fear and dread but which he has not been able to 'get out of his system' by constant and familiar practice."
—*Archives of Otolaryngology, Vol. 45, p. 337.*

As any surgeon will tell you, the Lempert fenestration is a very dangerous operation . . . under certain conditions. The one we had just seen performed by the famous Dr. Nesor was the safest, surest, most masterful display of otologic carefulness imaginable. Yet the good doctor was almost unable to pull out of his gloves because of post-operative jitters!

I hesitated to ask him about it, but the sequelae of real fright were unmistakable in his behavior, and I was curious.

My approach was as tactful as I could make it. I complimented him, sincerely, on the perfection of his maneuvers, his skill in protecting the drum and in removing the small bone fragments left by the drill. I emphasized the assurance that everyone felt that there was no danger of permanently destroying hearing in a patient's ear if such competent hands were creating the fenestra.

Then I let him have it.

Casually I commented on the increased danger presented by a case requiring work on the left, as compared with the right, ear. "While I'm utterly incompetent to perform such a delicate feat," I said, "a colleague of mine once told me that it was absolutely necessary to alternate work at the dissecting table of the morgue with work at the operating table of the hospital in order to be able to do it at all."

Dr. Nesor merely nodded.

"He also told me," I continued blandly, "that a busy and popular surgeon might find his time so crowded with the demands of the living that he would be unable to practice on the dead."

"I mutilated more than a hundred cadavers before I even touched a patient," Dr. Nesor growled.

"But if one did," I insisted, "he would be as tense and perspiring and as curt as you were when you ordered the cooling fans turned on tonight—in midwinter!"

The good doctor tossed his apron aside as if he wished it were I. "My dear fellow," he said with heavy irony, "my apprehension was not inspired by fear and dread of what I had failed to do to a corpse, or to a hundred of them.

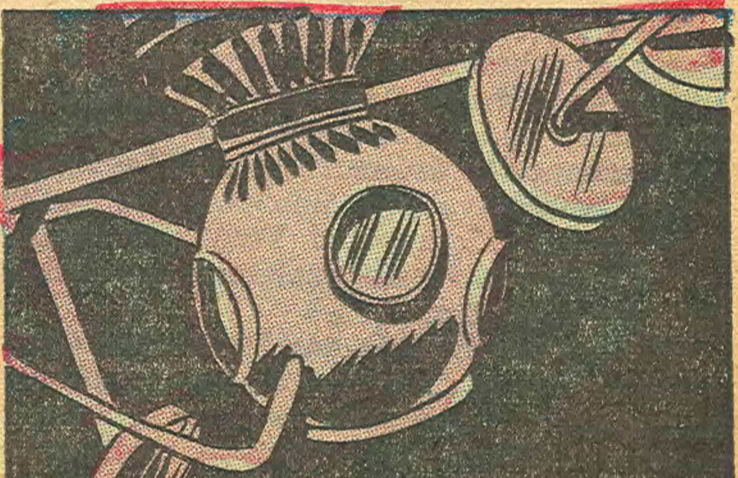
"Neither you nor any of the fools around the table were disturbed by the bungling of that idiot anesthetist who practically filled the room with a concentration of ether and oxygen.

"Don't you know that there have been disastrous explosions in operating rooms? Blasts that have caved in the heads of patients and taken the hands off of bungling anesthetists?" He was fairly shouting.

My voice was perfectly calm when I answered him. "Dr. Nesor," I explained, "that operating room is certified by the Underwriters as safe and static-free. Even the floor is non-conducting. There is no way to produce a spark that would set off an explosion."

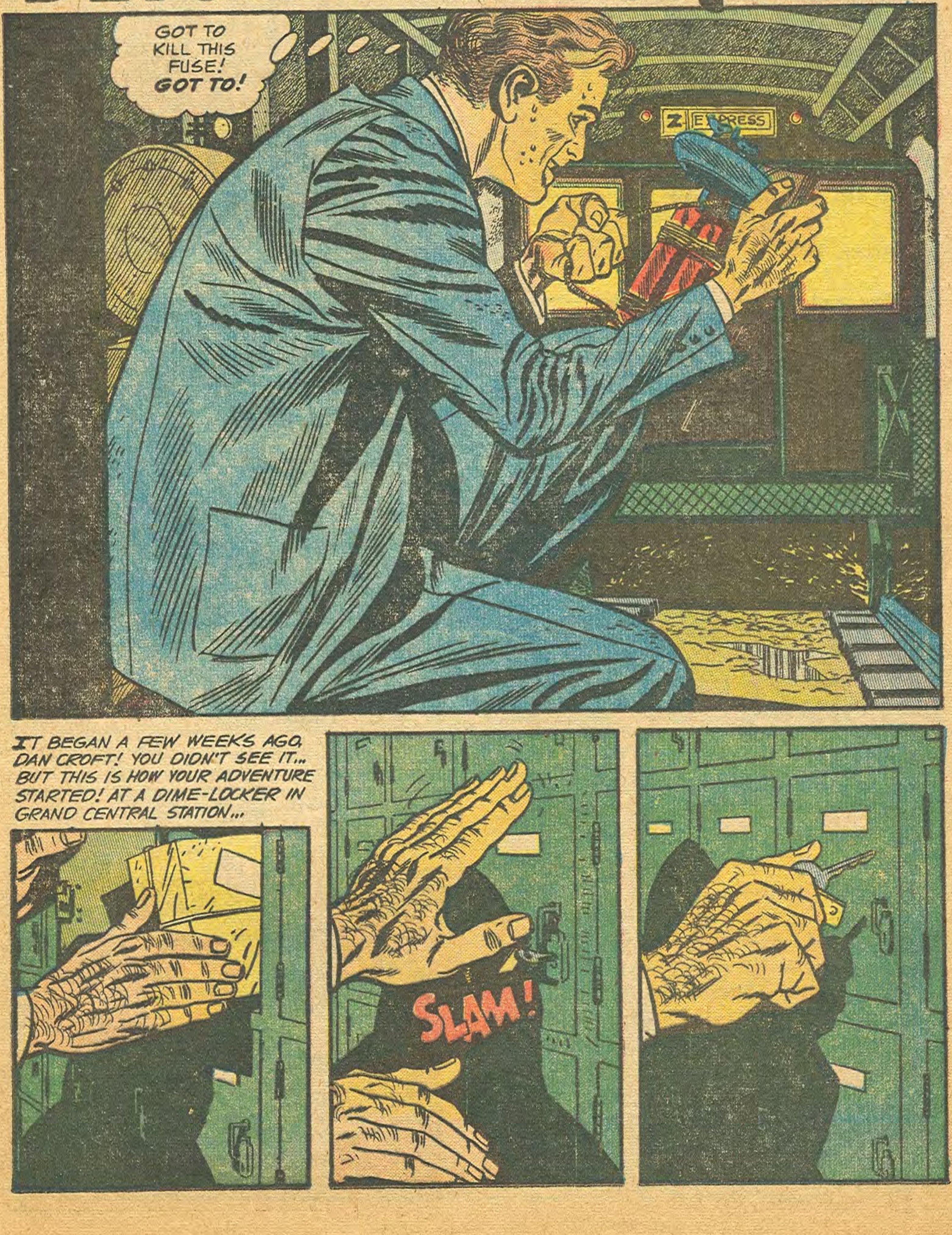
"Have you ever heard of friction electricity," Dr. Nesor said, "and have you forgotten that the technic of the Lempert forces me to use an engine-driven drill? Well, you were worried about the burr of the drill, and I was worried about the whirr! We have been working inside a bomb. . . .

"A dud," he said then, softly "Good night."



PEOPLE GET KILLED IN YOUR JOB, POLICE LIEUTENANT DAN CROFT... BUT THAT ISN'T WHY YOU'RE SWEATING RIGHT NOW! THIS TIME BOMB IS ALL SET TO EXPLODE ANY SECOND... AND TO MAKE IT WORSE, THAT SUBWAY EXPRESS IS BEARING DOWN ON YOU! YOU'RE CAUGHT EITHER WAY... SO DECIDE HOW TO DIE... YOU WILL BE JUST ANOTHER UNRECOGNIZED HERO ON THE...

DETONATION SQUAD



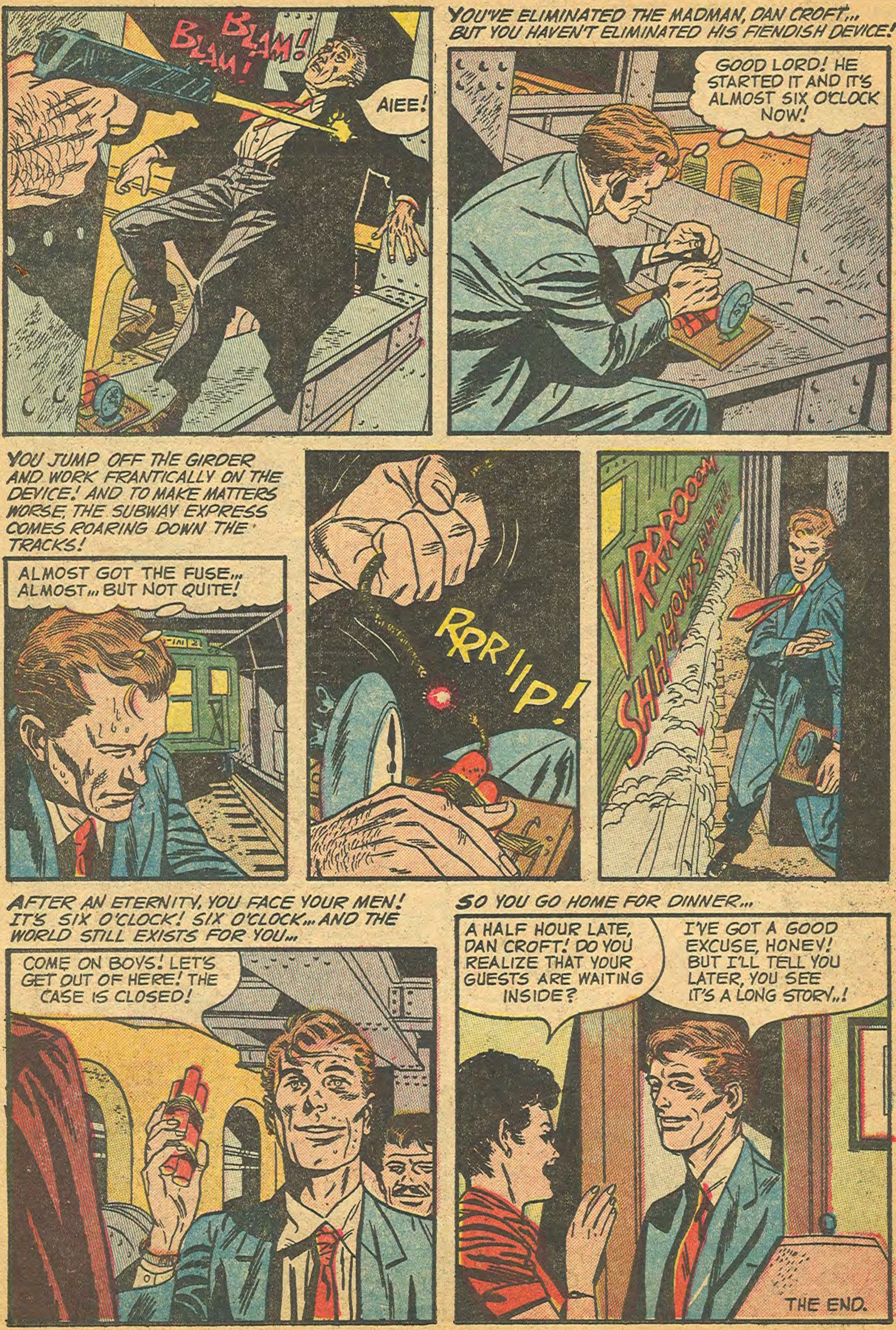

SECONDS LATER, A MAN WALKS SWIFTLY AWAY FROM THE LOCKERS THROUGH THE DAILY CROWD...
HA! HA! HA!
AND TIME TICKS BY...
TIC-TOC! TIC-TOC
TIC-TOC!
BUT THERE IS ANOTHER SOUND...
THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHIN'! FOLKS SURE PLACE FUNNY THINGS INSIDE THESE LOCKERS... I'LL...
TIC TIC TIC! TIC TIC
THERE'S A BOMB INSIDE! HELP!! BOMB! BOMB!!
TIC TIC- TIC TIC TIC TIC TIC TIC TIC
AND THAT'S HOW YOU'RE CALLED INTO IT, LT. DAN CROFT! YOU, PETE FOSTER, SGT. CRAYTON AND THE REST RACE THROUGH THE STREETS TWO MINUTES AFTER THE CALL COMES IN!
STEP ON IT SERGEANT! GRAND CENTRAL STATION WILL BE IN A REAL DILLY IF A BOMB DOES EXPLODE!
WHEEEEOEOOO
POLICE
AND MINUTES LATER, YOU SHOULDER YOUR WAY THROUGH A MORBID EXCITED CROWD...
OKAY! MAKE WAY! C'MON... OPEN UP THERE!
PETE.. GET THESE PEOPLE AWAY FROM THIS AREA!
RIGHT, CHIEF!


YOU'RE AN EXPERT AT THIS, DAN! YOU KNOW YOU HAVE TO MOVE FAST!
D-DIDN'T WANT TO OPEN THAT LOCKER MYSELF, SIR! NO TELLIN' WHEN IT MIGHT GO OFF!
HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S A BOMB? IT COULD BE A CLOCK!
TIC TIC TIC TIC TIC
PETE,, CRAYTON,,, BRING ME THOSE PAILS OF WATER AND OIL! HURRY!
HERE THEY ARE, DAN! GO EASY! WE CAN'T BE SURE,,,!
WATER
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT!
SPLASH!
TIC TIC TIC
NOW COMES THE HARD PART DAN,,, THE PART THAT MAKES YOU SWEAT AT NIGHT, AND GIVES YOU INDIGEST-ION AFTER MEALS,,, THE "TAKING APART" PART!
OKAY, BOYS,,, HERE WE GO...! STAY WITH ME, LUCK!
TIC TIC TIC TIC
IT COULD BE A CLOCK, DAN.... BUT... IT ISN'T....
OH,,, OH,,, THAT POINTER IS ABOUT TO HIT THE ZERO-MARK! I'LL HAVE TO BREAK OFF THE FUSE!
TIC TIC TIC
M-MY HANDS ARE TOO SWEATY! WAIT,,, I,,, GOT AHOLD OF IT NOW!
CLICK!
RRRRRRRRRR



WHEW! IT'S ALL OVER! OKAY, SERGEANT! GET THE CROWD MOVING! THE BOMB'S AS HARMLESS AS A CLOCK NOW!
AN HOUR LATER, ALL LAW-ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES ARE NOTIFIED! THE F.B.I. IS ALERTED FOR ANY POSSIBLE SABOTEURS, AND YOUR OWN OFFICE IN THE BOMB AND LOFT DIVISION AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, STUDIES THE CLUES...
THIS IS THE THIRD ATTEMPT TO TERRIFY THE CITY WITHIN FOUR WEEKS! THE MAN OR MEN PLANTING THESE BOMBS ARE WITHIN THIS AREA!
WE'LL THROW UP A NET ON ALL SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS. THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
MAYBE... AND MAYBE NOT, PETE. WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!
YOU GO HOME FOR SUPPER, SPEND THE NIGHT QUIETLY WITH YOUR WIFE! NEXT MORNING, YOU KISS HER GOODBYE... AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED.
NOW REMEMBER TO BE HOME AT SIX, DEAR! WE'RE HAVING SOME COMPANY, TONIGHT!
ALLRIGHT, HONEY! BE HOME AT SIX! THAT'S A PROMISE!
AND AT THE OFFICE LATER...
CHIEF! IT'S A LOONEY, ALL RIGHT... NO SABOTEUR! THE GUY CALLED US A FEW MINUTES AGO FROM A PHONE BOOTH AND SAID HE'S GOING TO BLOW UP THE SUBWAY AT EXACTLY SIX P.M.
WE HAVE EIGHT HOURS TO GET HIM! LET'S GO!
THIS IS THE BIG CITY DAN! IF A PANIC GRIPS THE PEOPLE, IT'S A MAJOR DISASTER! SO YOU MOVE QUICKLY AND QUIETLY AS ALWAYS...
PLACE MEN AT ALL EXITS! THEY'RE TO SEARCH ANYONE ENTERING OR LEAVING WITH ANY BUNDLES OR PACKAGES! BRADY, PETE... COME WITH ME!
YES, SIR!


MILES OF TRACK! HOW CAN ANY POLICE FORCE TRACK DOWN AN INSANE MAN PLANNING TO BLOW HIMSELF UP INSIDE THE SUBWAY! GOT TO FIND HIM! GOT TO!
YOU CAN'T ORDER THE SUBWAY SHUT DOWN EITHER... OR YOU'LL PARALYZE THE CITY! THE HOURS TICK BY! AND SUDDENLY IT'S...
TEN MINUTES TO SIX! NOT A TRACE! WE'VE COMBED EVERY INCH! FROM 207TH STREET TO BROADWAY AND NASSAU STATION!
SUDDENLY... WHEN THERE'S ONLY A HALF-MILE OF TRACK AHEAD OF YOU... YOU SEE HIM!
HE'S CRAZY ALL RIGHT! NO SANE PERSON WOULD SIT ATOP A GIRDER OVER THE SUBWAY TRACKS HOLDING A TIME-BOMB!
WE'LL CIRCLE HIM AND MOVE IN QUIETLY! DON'T EXCITE HIM, WHATEVER YOU DO!
I SEE YOU! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME!! STAY BACK, I'M WARNING YOU!
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD! A GREATER POWER WILL STRIKE YOU SINNERS! WE ARE DOOMED TO ETERNAL MISERY!
KEEP TALKING, BUSTER!... JUST SO LONG AS YOU DON'T SEE ME!
WE WILL ALL REPENT IN.... YA-A-AH! YOU TRIED TO TRICK ME! YOU'RE GOING TO CHEAT ME OUT OF MY DEATH! I'LL FIX YOU! ...I'LL....
WATCH OUT, DAN! HE'S PULLING THAT TIME-SWITCH!


BLAM! BLAM!
AIEE!
YOU'VE ELIMINATED THE MADMAN, DAN CROFT... BUT YOU HAVEN'T ELIMINATED HIS FIENDISH DEVICE!
GOOD LORD! HE STARTED IT AND IT'S ALMOST SIX O'CLOCK NOW!
YOU JUMP OFF THE GIRDER AND WORK FRANTICALLY ON THE DEVICE! AND TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, THE SUBWAY EXPRESS COMES ROARING DOWN THE TRACKS!
ALMOST GOT THE FUSE... ALMOST... BUT NOT QUITE!
RRRIIP!
VRRROOOM
SHHHOWSHHH
AFTER AN ETERNITY, YOU FACE YOUR MEN! IT'S SIX O'CLOCK! SIX O'CLOCK... AND THE WORLD STILL EXISTS FOR YOU...
COME ON BOYS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! THE CASE IS CLOSED!
SO YOU GO HOME FOR DINNER...
A HALF HOUR LATE, DAN CROFT! DO YOU REALIZE THAT YOUR GUESTS ARE WAITING INSIDE?
I'VE GOT A GOOD EXCUSE, HONEY! BUT I'LL TELL YOU LATER, YOU SEE IT'S A LONG STORY..!
THE END.

BLACK GOLD!

YOU'RE CLIMBING HAND-OVER-HAND ON BURNING WOODEN PYLONS OF AN OIL WELL THAT THREATENS TO EXPLODE ANY MOMENT. LYING UNCONSCIOUS ON THE PLATFORM OVERHEAD, IS YOUR ARCH-ENEMY AND RIVAL COMPETITOR WHO HAS FORCED YOU OUT-OF-BUSINESS! YOU HAVE TO DECIDE WHETHER TO SAVE HIS LIFE OR NOT--BECAUSE CLENCHED IN YOUR HAND IS A BOTTLE OF **NITRO!** WHAT WOULD **YOU** DO?



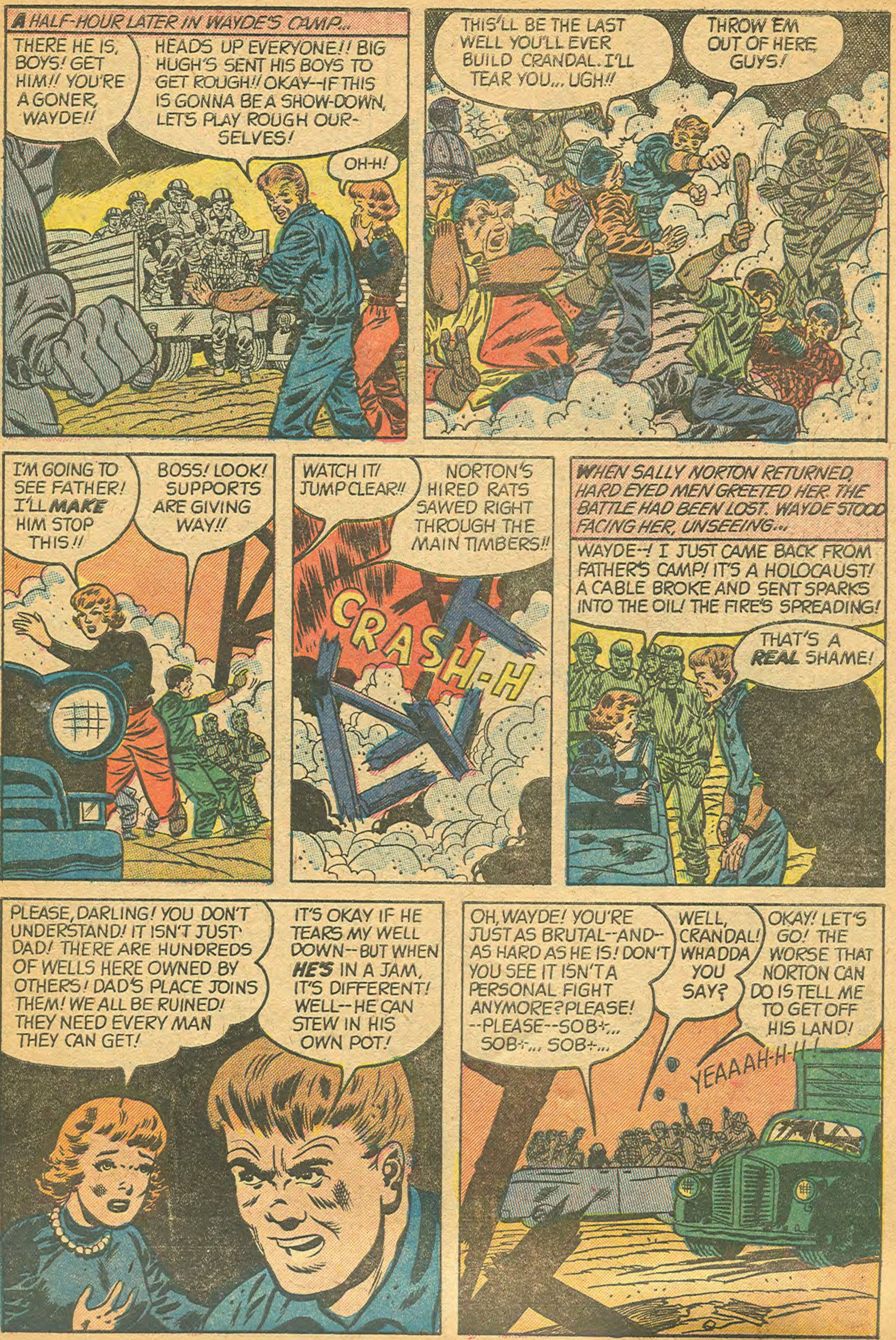




SHE'S A GUSHER, ALL RIGHT! LOOK AT HER ROAR!! HA, HA...
YOU DID IT, BOSS! YOU BROUGHT HER THROUGH AGAIN!
CONGRATULATIONS, HUGH! THIS SHOULD BRING IN ABOUT TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND BARRELS FOR US!
THAT'S NOTHIN'! SHE'LL BRING IN MORE!
YES, BIG HUGH HAD EVERYTHING HE WANTED! HE EVEN HAD HIS PRETTY DAUGHTER SALLY TO LOVE HIM. HE WAS RUTHLESS AND A TYRANT-- BUT HIS ONE WEAKNESS WAS SALLY...
OH, DADDY! I'M SO PROUD OF YOU! I KNEW IT WOULD PAY OFF! AND YOU DROVE YOURSELF SO!
IT'S ALL FOR YOU, HONEY! GO BUY YOURSELF ANYTHING YOU WANT! ORDER A DOZEN MINK-COATS! HA! HA... WE GOT ENOUGH BLACK GOLD TO BUY A CITY!
I'LL GIVE YOU THE MOON, HONEY! I- YOU! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE!
HELLO, NORTON!
GET OUT OF HERE! GET OFF MY LAND! NOW!
HOLD ON, NORTON! SALLY DROVE ME HERE! I DIDN'T WANT TO COME--BUT SHE MADE ME! WE SAW THE GUSHER FROM THE ROAD! BUT YOU'RE RIGHT! I GOT NO RIGHT HERE!
WAYDE, PLEASE! WAYDE!!
TELL YOUR OLD MAN I'M GONNA BUILD MY OWN WELL! THAT'S WHAT IRKS HIM, DOESN'T IT? TELL HIM ALSO THAT I'M GONNA SEE YOU IF I WANT TO! HE'S BOSS ON HIS LAND! BUT NOT OUTSIDE IT!!


WAYDE CRANDAL WAS A WILDCATTER --ONE OF A HOST OF ENTERPRISING YOUNG MEN WHO COMPETED WITH OIL TYCOONS LIKE NORTON! ONLY HE HAD MADE GOOD! BIG HUGH HATED HIS GUTS, HOWEVER, NOT BECAUSE HE WAS HORNING IN ON WHAT HE CONSIDERED HIS OWN MARKET-- BUT BECAUSE WAYDE LOVED SALLY...
OKAY, GUYS! LET'S GET STARTED! THIS IS OUR FIRST WELL! WE'LL SHOW NORTON AND ANYONE ELSE HOW WE CAN MAKE THIS A MONEY-HOLE!
HEY, WAYDE! TROUBLE! COME HERE! HURRY!
WHAT THE--?
LET GO!! I'LL KNIFE THE FIRST RANNIE THAT TRIES TO STOP ME!!
BOSS! THIS GUY WUZ GONNA DYNAMITE OUR WELL!!
GET HIM!! KILL THE RAT!
HOLD IT! LEAVE HIM TO ME!
I'LL CUT YOU TO RIBBONS! I'LL--OOPHH!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, BUSTER!!
I'M GONNA TEACH YOU A LESSON! YOU DIDN'T THINK THIS UP ALL BY YOUR LONESOME, FELLA! SPILL IT --OR I'LL MAKE YOU WISH YOU WEREN'T BORN!
OWW!! OOOOH... UGHHH!
COME ON, I SAID! SPILL IT!!
D-DON'T CRANDAL! I-I'LL TELL! BIG HUGH GAVE ME FIVE GEES TO QUEER YOUR GUSHER! HE WANTS YOUR LAND! HE GET IT TOO! YOU DON'T KNOW HIM! H-HE'LL KILL YA IF YOU MAKE GOOD! COUGH... COUGH...


WAYDE, DEAR! IS--IS SOMETHING THE MATTER? I-I WANTED TO APOLOGIZE FOR FATHER'S BEHAVIOR BACK THERE!
SAVE IT SALLY! I JUST CAUGHT A LOUSE IN THE WORKS HERE-- SENT ESPECIALLY FROM YOUR EVER-LOVIN' DADDY TO BLOW THIS AREA SKY-HIGH!
NO! IT-IT'S NOT TRUE! FATHER WOULDN'T--! WAYDE--I-I CAN'T HIDE IT FROM MY-SELF ANY LONGER! YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT I'LL STAY WITH YOU IF YOU WANT ME TO!
THAT'S ALL I WANT, BABY! WE'RE GONNA SHOW YOUR OLD MAN THAT WE HAVE SPUNK! START 'ER ROLLING BOYS! BACK TO WORK!
WEEKS PASSED--AND SLOWLY WAYDE CRANDAL'S OIL WELL ROSE INTO THE SKY! HIS ENTIRE SAVINGS HAD BEEN SUNK IN THE VENTURE, BUT IT ALSO RERESENTED HIS LOVE FOR SALLY NORTON! A MAN GETS RICH FOR MANY REASONS. WAYDE'S REASON WAS TO WIN SALLY HIS WAY!
6 7 8 9 10 16 19 31
HE DID IT IN RECORD TIME! WELL! WELL! IT'S A SHAME IT HAS TO COME DOWN! BUT NO YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER IS GONNA TAKE MY DAUGHTER AWAY FROM ME!
OKAY, BOYS! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! DON'T LEAVE A STICK STANDING! A THOUSAND DOLLARS TO THE FIRST ONE WHO BLOWS UP HIS WELL!
DON'T WORRY, CHIEF! IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE!


A HALF-HOUR LATER IN WAYDE'S CAMP...
THERE HE IS, BOYS! GET HIM!! YOU'RE A GONER, WAYDE!!
HEADS UP EVERYONE!! BIG HUGH'S SENT HIS BOYS TO GET ROUGH!! OKAY--IF THIS IS GONNA BE A SHOW-DOWN, LETS PLAY ROUGH OURSELVES!
OH-H!
THIS'LL BE THE LAST WELL YOU'LL EVER BUILD CRANDAL. I'LL TEAR YOU... UGH!!
THROW 'EM OUT OF HERE GUYS!
I'M GOING TO SEE FATHER! I'LL MAKE HIM STOP THIS!!
BOSS! LOOK! SUPPORTS ARE GIVING WAY!!
WATCH IT! JUMP CLEAR!!
NORTON'S HIRED RATS SAWED RIGHT THROUGH THE MAIN TIMBERS!!
CRASH-H
WHEN SALLY NORTON RETURNED, HARD EYED MEN GREETED HER. THE BATTLE HAD BEEN LOST. WAYDE STOOD FACING HER, UNSEEING...
WAYDE--! I JUST CAME BACK FROM FATHER'S CAMP! IT'S A HOLOCAUST! A CABLE BROKE AND SENT SPARKS INTO THE OIL! THE FIRE'S SPREADING!
THAT'S A REAL SHAME!
PLEASE, DARLING! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT ISN'T JUST DAD! THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF WELLS HERE OWNED BY OTHERS! DAD'S PLACE JOINS THEM! WE ALL BE RUINED! THEY NEED EVERY MAN THEY CAN GET!
IT'S OKAY IF HE TEARS MY WELL DOWN--BUT WHEN HE'S IN A JAM, IT'S DIFFERENT! WELL--HE CAN STEW IN HIS OWN POT!
OH, WAYDE! YOU'RE JUST AS BRUTAL--AND--AS HARD AS HE IS! DON'T YOU SEE IT ISN'T A PERSONAL FIGHT ANYMORE? PLEASE! --PLEASE--SOB... SOB... SOB...
WELL, CRANDAL! WHADDA YOU SAY?
OKAY! LET'S GO! THE WORSE THAT NORTON CAN DO IS TELL ME TO GET OFF HIS LAND!
YEAAAAH-H-H!



THE LAND NOW HAD BECOME A MASS OF BLACK SOOT AND SMOKE, MIXED WITH THE ACRID ODOR OF BURNING OIL-- MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH!! CRANDAL AND HIS MEN ARRIVED MOMENTS LATER...
WOW!! I NEVER SEEN NUTHIN' LIKE THIS IN MY WHOLE LIFE!!--MUST BE OVER A DOZEN WELLS GOING UP!
IF WE CAN BLOW UP THAT LAST WELL, SHE WON'T SPREAD!!
WAYDE--OLD MAN NORTON'S UP THERE ON THAT PLATFORM-- UNCONSCIOUS! HE GOT KO'ED BY THE SMOKE WHEN HE TRIED TO SAVE THE WELL!!
FATHER-- UP THERE! OHH--!
DON'T WORRY, HONEY! I'LL SAVE HIM IF I CAN! AH!-- HERE'S THE NITRO!!
MOMENTS AFTERWARDS...
OHHH...!
WHAT AN EASY WAY TO COMMIT SUICIDE! THIS NITRO IS GETTIN' HOT! GOTTA WORK FAST... THERE'S NORTON!
THERE! THAT SHOULD DO IT! WHEN THOSE FLAMES REACH THIS BOTTLE--SHE'LL KNOCK THIS SUPPORT SKY-HIGH! NORTON--CAN YOU HEAR ME? GIVE ME YOUR HAND!
CRANDAL-- COUGH.. COUGH ...DON'T BE A FOOL! I--I'M DONE FOR!-- SAVE YOURSELF!
I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO ARGUE! I'M GONNA GET YOU DOWN IF I HAVTA CARRY YOU LIKE A SACK O' WHEAT!!
FASTER, DARLING! FASTER!! THE FLAMES--BEHIND YOU!! HURRY!!
BLAM!
BUT WAYDE CRANDAL HAD CLEARED THE WELL SECONDS BEFORE... LATER...
DARLING-- DARLING! YOU'RE SAFE!
SHAKE, SON! I-I CAN'T SAY MUCH NOW--BUT WHEN WE'RE ALL RESTED AND CLEANED UP, YOU AND I ARE GONNA START BUILDING AGAIN--AS NORTON & SON, INC! THERE'S ENOUGH "BLACK GOLD" FOR EVERYONE!
THE END